

Lailaika 3

The man
dirties the air
with hungered yawns
becoming shouts of gold
toward rust

that reach
the palisaidal evening
on a
yellow-scripted page
toned

a tired
winged
vermillion shade
which
through innocence
illuminates the sun

but once
because
a poet tore the tongues
of once phallic dead men
in ages

-- Robert Lima

For Tristan Tzara

A black-night and
Robert dropped me from the cart
indicating cross-country might
be best then went on ahead --
his kerosene lantern-light
disappearing at the branching
of the road.

Uncertain I
stepped and stepped again into
the moving circle flash-light beam --
proceeding directly across
the frozen-field.

Suddenly then --
mis-stepping falling forward
ground-ward arms outward downward --
the light hit and went-out.